

Rise and Fall

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Summary: A concrete poem from multiple points of views taking place from when Red Death takes flight till the night before Hiccup awakes.

Rise and Fall

****This is my first fan fiction post so please review and pick on any details. Unfortunately, I had to completely restart the first and last sections in order to fit them in the screen's bounds properly, so some parts may read a little weird. Hope you enjoy.**

Flight

With my Night

As we prepare for our fight.

Red Death has come within our skies

For now we are capable on initiating our surprise.

Although our opposition is larger, stronger, and more robust,

Our past training and forever trust will be able to give us a major plus;

Thus now, hidden by thickening dust, all that can be felt is an oppressing gust.

We fire at it several times, each successful, but it only resulted in it more distasteful.

Out of nowhere fire strikes back, now we know, but a little too late
no, no, no, no, no, no!

Toothless' tail too tarnished to tame.
My mind as well is doing the same.
With Death approaching we had to act,
Or else we would feel a dire impact.
Now we will have only one shot,
But Death is already coming in hot.
Toothless gets ready to fire what he holds
While others watch to see what unfolds.
He fires his shot before Death reaped its own
Internally spreading till it became fully blown.
To avoid this explosion was likely to fail
For flight seemed imposable without a good tail.
As we tried to escape the fiery chase
Death's tail came down as strong as a mace.
At this point I was certain I was going to die.
As I entered the fire Iâ€¦ Iâ€¦ Iâ€¦

* * *

><p>I bolted toward Hiccup to try to save him,<p>
But the chance I would make it started to look grim.
I extended my claws to try to attempt a catch,
But the idea seemed too far fetched.
Something had to be done to save his life,
So I put in the last of my effort to conquer this strife.
The last moments before impact I had to think quickly,
So I clawed at his leg causing a gash bleeding thickly.
This is something I'm not proud of, but it had to be done.
It was that or crush him with a force of nearly a ton.
With my claws still injected it was easy to turn him around,
So that I could take the impact once we hit the ground.
The sound of impact was indescribable and unlabeled

For all that I felt were my senses disabled.
With all the energy I could find left
I covered up the evidence of any life I had theft.
I still don't know how bad I could see the rest of that day
For the ash seemed to put my mind far at bay.
As I could start making out shadows in a distance
Was about the same time I lost conscious existence.

* * *

><p>Night Fury alive, the sight nearly made me faint<p>
For my son had to be near, I couldn't restraint.
I ran towards him with hope of good news,
But as I came closer the ash played a ruse.
All I could feel was darkness and despair
For the smell of burnt ash tainted the air.
Whispers behind me waited in anticipation,
But to my surprise the beast made its confrontation.
As it unraveled its body I could see what's inside.
Hiccup, half injured, was lying beside.
Not over the hatred I feel towards this devil,
I checked my son's pulse on his body disheveled.
Engulfed in emotion I had no clue what to do next,
So I yelled what I saw to the rest of my subjects.
I guess even the dragons could do good time to time,
So I will forgive their actions since it's after wartime.

* * *

><p>Death is now dead, but are we as well?<p>
Did we not just descend into a fiery hell?
Did our deeds mean nothing,
Or our heroicism or something?
Why am I here, in Berk, in bed?

When celebration should await _us_ insteadâ€¦
Where is Toothless now, I attempt to search,
But then I notice him above on a perch.
When leaving the bed a problem occurs.
My leg is not responding, or so it prefers.
In result, I attempt to move it aside
Hoping the movement would make it abide.
With what I see next I cover my eyes
Not trying to see these horrific lies.
In disgust my arms touched my left leg.
A feeling of displacement as I felt the round peg.
Attached to it was something prosthetic.
The work done on it was kind of pathetic.
May as it be I was still one leg short,
So I attempted to walk without an escort.
A noise clinkered by as I began to stand
The ring from it all only made me feel strand.
As I took my first step I began to trip,
But to my surprise I was stopped by a grip.
Toothless was above hanging by his tail.
Both of us now held up by the rail.
He set me down gently still hanging above.
The sight of him there nearly made me in love.
His eyes looked so gentle with barely a glare,
So big I got lost in them during our stare.
I thought to myself, "What am I doing?"
As I kept looking back at what I was pursuing.
My thoughts have been off, way more than before,
So change of heart from this tragedy no more!
"Toothless you saved me," was all I could say.

I would find that to be truer later that day.

Coming to one's senses is hard to do, but that is why it must happen to only the few.

Not knowing what comes next is half the fun and by no means should ever be shunned.

Looking back at everything that has happened the past couple days is just a big mess.

At some point I just had to sit down, go through my mind, and put the past to rest.

Though in no means should anyone ever let their past cause them stress.

Now that someone has helped me overcome this adversity.

I am now capable of seeing through my diversity.

As I begin to tire from all that was done.

I still have time for one last pun.

Now we are out of blight

With my knight

Goodnight.

End
file.